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THE CITY OF TOIL AND DREAMS

Verse

By William Cary Sanger Jr.

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THE CITY OF TOIL AND DREAMS

VERSE

BY
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AUTHOR OF
"TIDES OF COMMERCE"

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This book is dedicated
to
MY FATHER AND MOTHER

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into His harvest."

Preface

The verses in this volume were written while the author was at school and in college, some having been originally published in the *Vindex* of St. Mark's School during the years 1910–1912, and others in the *Harvard Advocate* from 1913–1916. The date at the end of each poem indicates the year when it was written. A few of the verses in this volume have not previously appeared in print. "Tides of Commerce," by the same author, contains additional verses written while at school and in college.

The writer wishes to thank those friends who have helped him by their criticisms, comments, and suggestions.

W. C. S., Jr.

New York City,
April, 1916.

THE CITY OF TOIL AND DREAMS

Introduction—1912

The cities of the world, with their intense concentration of active human life, offer the greatest field for the study and improvement of mankind.

In the past, living conditions in cities have been unwholesome and unsanitary beyond description. At certain times plagues swept away life from whole city blocks and entire urban districts, and even during the most favorable seasons the mortality was high. But as the centuries passed, cities began to improve; and gradually a decided spirit of awakened civic interest commenced to make itself felt. Men began to see clearly, and they realized that things not only could, but must, be improved, and as a result the living conditions in tenement districts were bettered; provision was made for more parks and playgrounds, public schools were remodeled, employment offices opened and, in short, a whole series of active and useful alterations were commenced.

Although conditions have been considerably bettered, the good work is by no means finished. In fact, it has only just begun, for in countless homes of the poorer quarters of the city, poverty, disease, degeneracy, and wretchedness still hold their piti-

less sway. Innumerable indeed are the unrecorded "legions of the damned."

One thing, however, is encouraging: the tide has already turned and the cities are slowly becoming better. Nor should it be thought that cities are necessarily harmful to health. Cities are a natural economic development, and when properly planned and managed are certain to make wholesome, comfortable and attractive places in which to live. Moreover, cities are capable of contributing marked benefits upon humanity which can be secured in no other way. The concentration of the many varied interests in cities makes it possible for the individual to obtain knowledge of any subject or group of subjects in a way which would be absolutely impossible outside of a city. Whether his interest be painting, music, architecture, writing, medicine, law, engineering, or any other line of activity, the individual will find in the cities the most abundant opportunities for the study of his field of interest—among a host of kindred people who are specializing in the same subject, and in addition will find a large number of critics and masters who are the guiding spirits in their particular line.

And so it is with every one and with each field of interest. The city is the means—and the only means—of giving to humanity certain privileges and blessings which go far towards ennobling and enrich-

ing mankind—by extending the individual's sphere of life and by giving him the opportunity for the realization of his dreams.

In order to secure to the fullest extent the benefits which a municipality is capable of giving, the city must not only be clean and wholesome, but also beautiful. The importance of this has gradually come to be realized. Civic and landscape architects are planning for the remodeling and beautifying of streets and avenues on an extended scale, while drawings are being made for the development of civic centers to be surrounded by groups of public buildings of harmonious architecture. The city planners provide, moreover, that avenues and boulevards shall be further improved and interconnected in such a way that the whole vast scattered system may at last become welded into one attractive and harmonious unit.

Along with the architectural improvement there must be the steady development of the intellectual, physical and moral character of the people, for only with a strong and sturdy moral fibre in its men and women can the material development of the city fulfill its highest purpose. The physical perfection of the city would then become a symbol of the lives of its inhabitants.

Such, then, is the dream of the Builders, and slowly—so slowly—but nevertheless surely, that

dream is being realized. A seemingly limitless amount of work has yet to be done; but time and determination will conquer all things in the end. Already the signs of the awakening are at hand. Each department of every city seems to be catching at least some gleam of the dawn, and not only the vast commercial stores and office buildings of the cities but even the great railroad terminals are being built with a view to architectural beauty as well as to efficient service.

Looking at the panorama of a great city of the present day, and striving to comprehend the industry and power for which it stands, with its glorious, pulsing, active life, its continual work of reconstruction and betterment, and its granite buildings and towers reared against the sky, there comes a vision of that city in the future—a new and reawakened city, a greater and infinitely better city—the city that is to be.

If this little book succeeds in creating a greater interest in civic problems, and an added appreciation of the pathos, romance and beauty to be found in every city, it will have accomplished the purpose for which it was written.

1912. W. C. S., Jr.

P. S. September 25, 1915. The European War has now continued for more than a year. The world

can appreciate better than ever what unparalleled and gruesome carnage war with present-day weapons involves and can perhaps foresee what future international combat would be with mechanical inventions as yet undreamed of but certain to be developed. Just as past ages could not clearly imagine the present machinery of war we can only dimly guess at the wholesale weapons of destruction which future ages could perfect and apply. We can understand to-day how great are the losses of war—ethnically, eugenically and financially. Some of war's losses, however, we cannot count. The misery and agony of the wounded soldiers can never be tabulated on paper, nor can statistics record the wretchedness and anguish of the bereaved families at home. Moreover, no figures can ever tell us of the loss to the world from the death on the battlefield of scientists, painters, musicians, sculptors, writers, teachers, and all that host of able and conscientious men whose lives, had they been spared, would have enriched and ennobled mankind.

Try to imagine the feelings of such men—who at the outbreak of the war, in obedience to their sense of honor, volunteer—leaving their homes and families and their life's work, to which in their prayers they had dedicated their all—forced by circumstances to kill other such men as they, who, like them, had striven to uplift the world by their efforts, and whose

only reason for being killed was that they happened to be on the "other side."

No—the world must not permit war to continue. It has been "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

The spirit of combat when properly curbed and sensibly utilized is a blessing to all individuals, and must hereafter be developed and given abundant opportunity to find expression in universally practiced and vigorous athletics—but not in international war.

An International Police Force of the armies and navies of the great nations of the world must be developed to uphold and make effective by force when needed the decisions of an International Court (such as the Hague Tribunal) and thus secure the peace of the world. This plan, which has been suggested by various individuals and has recently been much discussed by newspapers and magazines, seems to be the most sensible and effective yet proposed. When all countries came to recognize the sanctity of the International Court's decrees, the police forces of the world powers could be very considerably reduced in size.

As a preliminary step towards the creation of an International Police Force a practical and effective plan is being developed which has for its object the establishment among the World Powers of a "League to Enforce Peace." All the great nations of the earth

would be signatories to this League and would agree to have recourse to a Court of Arbitration for deciding all justiciable questions and a Council of Conciliation for all such as were non-justiciable, before adopting any hostile measures. The League would further provide that any nation which should fail to abide by the terms of the agreement would be debarred from economic opportunities, privileges and trade rights with the rest of the League, and should this measure fail, the League would use its combined armies and navies to enforce submission to its laws.

Until the International Police Force is developed it is necessary and right for each nation to arm itself to a reasonable degree for the purpose of protecting itself against foreign invasion. Ultra-pacifist and "peace at any price" policies are as dangerous as they are unsound. The military and naval forces which are developed should be maintained, however, solely for defense—and not for the purpose of invading foreign soil except as might be necessary in order to fulfill the police duties of the League to Enforce Peace. And at the same time that a nation prepares itself with reasonable and adequate military and naval armaments for defense, it should strive without ceasing for the establishment of a permanent International Police Force into which its own army and navy, along with the armies and navies of all other nations, would eventually be merged. But while a nation is adopt-

ing reasonable armaments for defense it must not neglect the most important object to be achieved—namely: the education of the people in the interests of International Conciliation. Justice, common sense, and rightousness among the nations will then be based upon the surest foundation—the knowledge and will of the people.

A question of vital importance is, how soon can permanent international peace be established? But before this is to be positively accomplished, great and perplexing problems await the present and coming generations. Old traditions are hard to break; old national jealousies will for a long time smoulder. The world needs new empire builders for old. Statesmen must arise who will look with justice and kindness beyond the borders of their own countries, knowing and understanding the universal brotherhood of man. And in that day, the cities of the world will come into their own. Men will not destroy them with siege-gun, fire and sword.

To-day the path of the armies of war is strewn with desolation and death. Broken wagons and artillery pieces lie scattered over the plains along with the battered bodies of the wrecks that once were men. The smoke of burning homes and cities drifts far up into the weird gray heavens, and as night comes on, the burning towns and cities cast their strange red light against the lonely skies.

But To-morrow all will be changed. When that To-morrow of International Peace does come, men will no longer blindly destroy what has been so carefully upbuilded. In the fields there will be a different harvest and in the cities there will be a brighter dawn.

A Creed of the Harbor

I believe in you, great harbor,
And great city;
I believe in your courage,
Your toil,
And your dreams.
Slowly but surely form the city of Yesterday and To-day.
You are building a new and infinitely wonderful
City of To-morrow.
I was born at your gates
And have watched and loved you
Through the years:
Your ships and docks, your towering buildings, your streets black with humanity,
I have watched the intense and ceaseless struggle
Within your soul
The passionate striving of the forces of good and evil.
I believe that you shall be victorious, great harbor and city.
I believe in your To-morrow.
Yet there are many who have hated you

And feared you
And cursed you.
Cursed you for your power and pride,
Cursed you for your merciless crushing of their bodies and their souls.
Seeing only the driftwood and the refuse
Floating beside some old, uncared-for wooden dock,
Not seeing
Your clean, new granite docks and piers—
Heedless of your white stone towers
Against the summer skies,
Neglecting to see the
Taintless tide come rolling in to your distant, sandy beaches.
Your problems I have studied
And striven to aid in their solution;
I know your dingy and
Mournfully dilapidated tenement districts
—The squalor and wretchedness,
The overcrowding—dim, ill-ventilated corridors.
Where the single gas jet
Flickers and flares
So fitfully and drearily,
Casting weird shadows along the crumbling wall-paper of the narrow hallway.
I have also beheld your new and splendid monuments of granite:
Civic buildings

Dedicated to the service of the people.
And I have seen your great schools and other municipal structures
Built worthy of the Children of To-morrow
Whom they shall fashion and consecrate.
I have loved you, great harbor and city,
Your tireless energy
Your continual work of improvement and reconstruction.
I have watched your subways and foundations
Being built by day and night:—
Weirdly wonderful at night
With torches and electric lamps
Lighting up the faces of the workmen
And casting strange shadows
On the structural work
In the midst of the cavernous rock ledges
Far, far below the street level.
And by day I have watched your steel-girded sky-scrapers being built
Away up into the clouds,
With tiny specks of workmen
Standing or walking along narrow steel beams and projecting girders
Silhouetted against the sky.
I have seen your docks and steamers
By day and night
Beloved harbor.

I have looked out upon you and traveled upon your tides in the
Dawns and in the sunsets,
In rain and fog, in mist and snow.
I have known you in the spring and in the fall, in summer and in winter
At high noon and by starlight and moonlight.
I have been refreshed and rested in your parks,
Uplifted and inspired by your energy and strength and patience.
I know that in your soul there is a depth of kindness and love
Past all believing,
For I have seen your striving and toiling in your search
For the truth
And the light
And the right.
I believe in you for I know that:—
Where there is a granite monument
There also is a builder's dream.

1915.

In the City of Toil and Dreams

City of Toil and Dreams,
City of might and power,
Splendor undying gleams
Proudly each hour.
Sorrow and sin and shame
Often attend thee.
Honor and praise and fame
Millions extend thee.

Dawn—and the shadows fade.
From wall and excavation
The laborer with pick and spade
(Brawn of the nation)
Gazes with sunlit eyes
His tired soul uplifting
Where in the morning skies
Bright clouds are drifting.

Noon—in the cañon streets
Pulses the tide so proudly
Traffic that rolls and beats
Steadily, loudly.

Sullen, grim halls and marts,
Often their star-dreams hiding,
Yet—in their heart of hearts
Love is abiding.

Sunset—the tired throng
In street and square and byway
Endlessly streams along
Avenue, highway.—
All to their homes go back,
The traffic's roar increasing,
Crowds over bridge and track
Pass without ceasing.

Night—and the stars on high
Twinkle their friendly greeting,
Shadows are passing by
Lovers are meeting.
Silent the moonbeams play
Dancing and gleaming
Now the great city may
Turn to its dreaming.

Deep in thy starry night
Sleep through each mystic hour
While the moon's slanting light
Tips roof and tower;

In the City of Toil and Dreams

In thy mortality
Angels belove thee,
For immortality
Watches above thee.

City of Toil and Dreams,
City of might and power,
Splendor undying gleams
Proudly each hour.
Sorrow and sin and shame
Often are near thee,
Kindness and love and fame
To all endear thee.

1915.

The Legions of the Damned

There's a host that's scattered afar and near,
A miserable, hopeless crew,
The poor tattered army of unemployed,
Whose chances in life are few.
Some call them worthless vagabonds
And think their misery shammed,
Some call them wrecks, while some believe
They're the legions of the damned.

It's all very well for the rest to say
That there's plenty of work to do,
But, perhaps, if their luck wasn't quite so good,
Even *they* might be derelicts too,
Lost in the host of the unemployed
And doomed to sink in the end;
Drifting along to the gates of death,
For want of a helping friend.

And the world forgets that years ago,
Near the Mediterranean Sea,
A pilot saved the helpless ships
On the waters of Galilee;

He came to this world to seek the lost
To care for the sick and the poor,
And to bring the wrecks on the sea of life
To the ports of the other shore.

But the world forgets, and they drift along,
Derelicts, here and there,
While the ships that pass haven't time to pause
(For the world hasn't time to care);
So drifting out on the sea of life
Awash, with the rudder jammed,
And the rocks to clear, but no pilot near,
Go the legions of the damned.

1910.

The Vision of His Work

The mist of early morning clears away,
And sunlight comes—along the harbor vast,
Derrick and dock and steamer wake again;
And buildings of the city come to view;
Great offices that tower to the skies,
Resplendent in the warmth and majesty
Of golden fire—that flares across the bay
And tips with flame a thousand window panes.
Beyond the curving Battery's ferry-slips,
Across the sunlit harbor there appears
The outline of the distant westward shore.
The day-shift dockers now come swarming in
To wharf and yard, while steamers ring with work
Of loading and unloading—blocks and spars
Rattle and creak and groan, as derricks swing.
The salty tide with endless lapping wash
Mutters and slips and eddies round the piles
Of time-worn docks where ships have moored for years;
And whistles of the harbor craft ring out,
Echoing back from wall and wharf and pier,
While far above, the white gulls cry and wheel.
And as the wakened harbor shines and gleams

The Vision of His Work

In all the glory of the morning light,
The Vision of His work comes sure and clear
And leads the way, and beckons ever on,
And says to each, "Come on, begin your work,
However small and humble it may seem,
Each little helps—the harvest here is great,
Good laborers are few—begin your work."
And from some harbor craft far up the bay
A whistle seems to call—"Begin your Day."

1912.

Snowstorm

(Seen from the observation gallery of a skyscraper tower)

Over the tops of the buildings,
Drifting, swirling snow,
Falling far down, down,
And losing itself in the gray-white mist of drifting flakes below.
The cañon streets are lost somewhere in the whiteness,
Little snow flurries gather and sweep along the near-by ledge of the granite coping and dizzy cornice
And whirling far out are lost in the dim, white abyss.
For a moment the storm slackens,
First the summits of other great buildings appear:
Granite towers looming out of the grayness,
Then come roofs of other lesser buildings far below,
Lastly, way, way down are seen the snow-gray streets
With tiny specks of people and trolleys
Crawling slowly along.
Again the storm increases:
The streets disappear,
And soon the other giant office-buildings are lost to view.

The great tower trembles in the storm
As the gale roars and moans and batters
Around the corners,
And the countless snowflake squadrons
Whirling from the sullen skies above
Go pelting and flying and eddying past the great
tower
And are lost—
Far, far, below—
In the grayness of the vague abyss.

1915.

To ————

I often wonder, dear,
If in the day
Or in the moonlit stillness of the night,
When I so often wish that you were near
To make the quiet hours glad and bright;
Oh, most alluring girl of dreams and play;
Child of my hopes through all eternity,
Perfect in all, and with a heart so true,
I wonder when I think and dream of you
If you are also thinking then of me.

1915.

Under the Bridge

Only the great, dim bridge,
Far—very far above, and the stars,
Dreaming lazily in the warm, still night.
Along the quiet river banks
The sleepy buildings of the city,
Shadowy, vague—blue-gray in the dimness.
The lights along the bank
Burn low—
Here and there on the star-lit tide
Dark moving outlines of boats,
Drowsy toilers of the harbor
Each with lights: white, red and green,
That glide beneath them in the calm languid water.
The city is very tired to-night,
Wistfully thinking of half-forgotten yesterdays
Or yearning to-morrows.
There is sadness and magic wonder in the moonlight,
A boat glides slowly under the great dim bridge,
And the stars dream lazily in the sky
Above the tired harbor
As it sleeps.

1915.

Lincoln Memorial

(Bronze Statue)

Gaunt—in his humble, homely wrinkled suit,
Rugged and grim, unswerving, resolute—
Kindly upon the sadness of the town
The great Emancipator gazes down.

. . . . . .

But see—the sunset glow has touched the bronze,
Lighting the homely, kindly saddened face
With sympathy and charity for all,
While here and there about the monument
Are little groups of people—Now a man,
White-haired and halting in his feeble step,
Comes slowly shambling near and leans upon
His walking stick and gazes fondly up
Into the sunlit face—seeming to feel
An inspiration in that life so firm,
So sad, so sympathetic—then he pauses,
Bows his head and hobbles on again.
A widow next approaches—with a child,
And pointing upward to the glowing bronze
Half whispers a few words that linger long
Within the memory of the wondering boy.

A careless group of idlers saunter up
—But hush their laughter and subdue their tones,
Standing together there in silent thought.
And so throughout the restless, changing hours
The tired and the weary and the sick
Pause for a moment in their hurried course
And then—go on with courage, hope and strength
To face the endless problems of their lives.

. . . . . .

Gaunt—in his humble, homely wrinkled suit,
Patient and firm, unswerving, resolute—
Kindly upon the sadness of the town
The great Emancipator gazes down.

1913.

The Price

(Voices from the shadows of the great city)

In the glow of the early morning
When Time stretched out before,
And life was the life of the moment,
And no sentinel guarded the door
To the paths of sin and pleasure,
We played as it pleased us most;
Did what a thousand others
Have done without counting the cost.
We went where our will directed,
Went and were not afraid—
But now we know when the day is done
How dear was the price we paid.

1913.

Cathedral Builders

I am only a poor workman on a great Cathedral.
But I praise the Master Builder
That I am allowed to do my share in the building.
Reverently I help to swing the great stone blocks
into their places;
Where they shall rest
Until the end of the world.
And every evening at sunset,
When the day's work is done,
I look backward
And see with joy that the Cathedral is growing,
And I know
That the work is good.

1915.

Evening Calm

When all the tumult of the day is past,
And evening shadows move across the walls
Of towering buildings—looming dim and vast
From sombre streets, where deeper darkness falls;
There comes to me a calmness and a rest
That stills the troubled soul and brings it peace
Like the reposeful dreaming of the blest
That after life's long journey find release.

1916.

The Gift of the Warriors

To you we now bequeath that peace
Which was not ours to know,
Freedom, security—release
From dangers of the foe.
The foreign ranks shall not again
Burnt cities trample under,
Nor shall the hosts across the plain
Sweep with their steel and thunder.

To you we give that needed rest
Which was not ours to find;
Each night you sleep serenely—blest—
At peace in heart and mind.
No longer shall the dull red glow
Flare in the smoke-dimmed heaven
Whose flaming cloud-belts weirdly show
Where countless hosts have striven.

And unto you we give that fame
Which was not ours to share:
The glory of a sculptor's name
A writer's words of prayer.

For we had dreamed our glorious dreams,
Each in his field of knowing,
But we laid them by—for war's dull gleams,
The hope of our life foregoing.

To you we give those hours of love
That we so early lost
For war had called on us to prove
Our faith—whate'er the cost.
The joys of home and fireside:
A woman's soft caresses
And children's laughter—merry-eyed,
The love that cheers and blesses.

And unto you the dawn we give
Which is not ours to see,
To you and yours the right to live,
In thought and action—free.
To you we give the morning light
On lake and hillside streaming
And flashing on the city's height
With colors bright and gleaming.

For you the freedom and the life—
For us an unknown grave
After an agony of strife
That others we might save.

Yet we rejoice that in our pain
Our sacrifice and sorrow
We may bequeath to you our gain
The everlasting Morrow.

January, 1916.

To You

(At the ages of 10, 20, 45, and 70 years.)

To you, because of your youth;
Because of your faith and trust—
Hold to your visions of truth:
Dust may not build on dust.

To you, because you are strong,
And sound of body and limb;
On—though the toil be long,
On—though the work be grim.

To you, who serve in the field,
Bearing the brunt of the fight;
Battle till wrong shall yield,
Blaze the trail of the right.

To you, whose life has been long:
Teach the old law—ever new:
Bid them be clean and strong,
Kindly, and wise and true.

1913.

In the Name of the Master

Blind—we kneel in darkness
Oh grant us of Thy sight.
Come near us Great Physician
And lead us to the light.

Deaf—we ask Thy mercy;
But touch each waiting ear
That we may know the glory
Of the truth we long to hear.

Sick—in pain and helpless,
Through anguish none may tell;
We long to hear the message
That alone can make us well.

Lame—we lack the power
To serve Thee in Thy War.
Heal us—that we may follow
To battle-lines afar.

Lost—we need a Captain;
Oh grant us in our strife—
Thy wisdom, strength and courage:
Thy guidance in our life.

1913.

Snow

Snow
Falling snow
And o'er the sombre city stained and gray
The countless flakes come drifting down below
In silent hosts of white—serenely, slow,
Throughout the day.

Still
Calm and still
The pulsing city's sullen murmur dies
For now the evening hours come—until
Only the night and snowy squadrons fill
The winter skies.

Clean
Fresh and clean
To-night the city rests in quiet sleep
And over all its myriad homes a sheen
Of downy whiteness falls—a mystic scene
Of stillness deep.

All,
One and all
The dwellings of the rich and poor are white
With Heaven's stainless snowy flakes that fall
On window ledge and chimney, roof and wall
Throughout the night.

1915.

On Christmas Eve

Toys in a bright shop window,
A child forlorn and chilled,
Who stands and looks at the trains and books;
—And a dream that is not fulfilled.

Houses of stone and granite.
A tramp, in passing by
A moment waits—at the iron gates
—And a hope that is doomed to die.

A mother and child by the fire,
A mother and child in the street,
A dream and a prayer, a sigh of despair
—And a heart that will learn defeat.

Quiet and peace in the city;
Over the sleeping town
The stars on high in the moonlit sky
In pity and love look down.

February, 1916.

To a Young Girl

You did not know,
When we were talking together last evening,
Carelessly speaking of trivial things
Whiling away time——
You did not know
That in my heart
I beheld you as the perfection of the creative work of the Master Builder
Who builded the Stars and the Earth
And the Children of Immortality to inherit the Earth.
You did not see—for the light was dim—
That once or twice tears came to my eyes,
I, who have seen—so often—
Other Children of Immortality
Like unto you in soul
But most pitifully tired and sick and helpless in body;
Imprisoned in the heat and shadows of great cities.
Wherefore it was with a feeling almost akin to worship
That I beheld you
Who are so fresh, so undefiled and so happy.

To a Young Girl

I shall not soon forget our little talk together last
evening,
When we spoke of various trivial things—
Carelessly, lightheartedly.

1915.

Prayer

(Easter Eve)

Oh—to-night the city needs Thee, and a million
hearts are calling,
Heed their misery and anguish—Thou who knowest
well their pain,
Send abroad Thy host of workers who shall change
the old conditions
Till the last great Easter morning comes to reign.

1912.

Voices

(From the depths of the city)

Well—our story's just the same
As the rest who've tried the game,
For we've played our hand like other fools,—and lost
it in the end.
We've thrown our chance away,
And learned just what we pay;
God—we haven't even got one honest friend.

Oh, the life beyond remaking,
And the horror of the waking,
When the reeling dawn creeps upward with its
ghastly mocking light.
And we live through years of pain
Till the shadows fall again
And we face another hopeless, endless night.

Yes—we've lost the bygone years
And there's little left that cheers,

For the harvest days are over when we might have
worked and won.
So we'll stagger on, God knows
Till the final chapters close
And the useless, endless life at last is done.

1912.

The Doctor

(With acknowledgments to the author of "Gunga Din")

Yes, I knew the doctor well,
And if only I could tell
You of his work and all he did to lessen pain,
You'd understand the story
Of a life that reaped no glory
Yet deserved the richest tribute man can gain.

Where the pulse of traffic beat,
On the overcrowded street;
And the city's roar and clatter filled the air;
Where lust and crime and thirst
Brought conditions to the worst,
You'd be sure to find the doctor working there.

Though the doctor too was poor,
Yet he'd go from door to door
Of the "East Side" in the night and in the day;
And he'd help them one and all,
For he never failed a call,
Though he knew he wasn't getting any pay.

A friend of his once said:
"It's too hopeless—they're soon dead,
Anyhow—just drop the place and come with me";
But he answered (pointing down
To his section of the town),
"That's the very place a doctor ought to be."

And now his work is done,
And perhaps the doctor's gone
To a place that knows no sin, or pain, or fear;
But it's ten to one, you know,
That he chose to go below
Helping those who need him most—As he did here.

1911.

Driftwood of the Seas

Through the channels of the city,
Wheresoe'er the tide may please,
Drift the legions—helpless, hopeless,
As the driftwood of the seas.

1911.

The Verdict

Oh tell us which is greatest: the Captain of Finance,
Or the toiler with his pick and bar and spade;
The youthful happy heiress who leads the glittering dance,
Or the other child—half fed and underpaid?

Oh tell us who is conqueror: the general on the field
Who knows that all the nation calls him "friend,"
Or the invalid who battles with a foe that will not yield,
Yet smiles and keeps up courage to the end?

And tell us which is greatest: the men who think they know,
Or the unassuming, trusting little child?
"But wasn't there an answer in the ages long ago,
Who was it, now, on whom the Master smiled?"

Oh tell us which is greatest—for the crimson sunset
light
Descends on rich and poor, and high and low?
"The verdict is not spoken till the ending of the
night."
Forgive us Lord, for who are we to know?

1913.

To a Girl

I miss you—little friend—I never knew
How dear you were until we said good-bye,
Do you remember now the sombre sky
Sunset, and ash of roses, and gray-blue?
Do you recall the words I spoke to you,
And you to me? The darkening clouds on high
Weirdly and coldly told of winter nigh.
How quickly then the happy moments flew;
And now——so many, many miles away
I dream of you, and you of me I know;
How often since that well-remembered day
Have I recalled the sunset and the glow
And in the land of Memory at last
Lived once again our dreamlife of the past.

1915.

America's Mission

Let this be thy mission, America,
First to make thyself
Worthy of the noblest dreams that ever thou hast
dreamt.
Forgetting not to learn from other lands
Such teachings as they have to offer thee.
And then,
Thus having learned and builded,
Go thou forth;
Not with a sword, but with a scroll
And bid the backward lands,
To learn what thou in turn can'st offer them:
Liberty,
Truth,
Democracy,
The brotherhood of all the nations of the earth,
Dwelling in faith and light.
And when to thee shall come
Strangers from foreign shores
May they behold
Thy monuments of bronze,
Thy buildings vast of granite

Against the skies of blue,
And seeing may they know
That these
Stand as the outward symbols
Of the courage and the freedom of thy Soul.

March, 1916.

Homeward Bound

For years I've lived afar,
But now the battle's won,
The ages of toil are passed
And the work of my life is done;
My home lies far away,
And oh, the relief from pain,
When at the close of the day
I turn to mine own again;
Turn to those long-lost paths:
The haunts of my early trails,
When I lived in a world I loved:
—A world of tides and rails.
Those who love their own
They well can understand
My longing for my own:—
My own beloved land.

Though years have intervened
My thoughts have been with you still.
Each mile of the glistening rails
Each city and river and hill

Of the well-remembered land
Has cheered me through my life,
And led me ever on
Through toil and pain and strife.

But now the night is gone
And I'm off for my home again;
Off for the trails I love
And the city that soothes my pain:
—The city beside the sea
Where the glorious harbor lies,
With its towers of steel and stone
That mount to the very skies:—
And every ship and train
That I long have loved and known
Will welcome me back again
—When I return to mine own.

1912.

L'Envoi

Sleep—great city—sleep,
The silver moon rides high,
The tide so calm and deep
About thy gates goes by;
Far in the summer sky
The myriad stars look down
On granite tower and office wall,
Humble dwelling and marble hall,
The drowsy moonlight softens all,
—Over the great gray town.

Turn to your needed rest,
City of toil and dreams,
High in the starlit west
The white moon softly gleams,
The tired city seems
To drowse in the dim, warm night.
On wall and housetop—high and low;
Shadows of black—and silver glow,
Where the slanting moonbeams fall below,
With mystic, starry light.

Wanderer—ragged and sad—
Lay down your head to rest;
Maiden—radiant, glad,
Pause in your joyous quest,
(For the Angel of Sleep has blest
Each one—ere they close their eyes;)
Dancer—dream of your love at the ball.
Wanderer—dream of a marble hall,
For in sleep you are equal—one and all
By the glow of the star-dim skies.

Sleep—great city—sleep,
The drowsy moon rides high
The tide so still and deep
About thy gates goes by,
Far in the warm night sky
The pitying stars look down
On home and tenement—tower and wall,
Prison and hospital, house and hall,
The kindly moonlight softens all,
—Over the great, gray town.

1915.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Star of the West

They come from the other lands,
Lands of a by-gone day,
From the rule of a tyrant's hands
And a dream that has passed away.
Poverty, loss and pain,
Ignorance,—endless toil,
Have been their measure of gain
From a worn-out, blood-stained soil.

They have been crushed and torn;
There has been slaughter and strife;
Their lands are wasted and worn,
And they need new hope and life.
So they come where the great ship rides
And they pray that they may have rest,
As they follow the star that guides—
Star of the West.

The gangway soon is crossed,
The twilight dies away,
The afterglow is lost,
And the great, dim night holds sway.

Beyond the westward bar,
The sea is dark and vast;
But the wanderers see a Star
That shall guide them home at last.

The liner swings from the dock,
The Lighthouse Cape is cleared,
She passes the last lone rock
And her course for the West is steered.
The travellers gaze on high
As they sail from a land oppressed,
And they see Thee afar in the sky—
Star of the West.

Star of our steadfast dream—
Liberty—Truth—
Long may thy splendor gleam,
Leading our youth
Bright in Thy nobler sky,
Radiant—blest,
Guide, as the years go by,
Star of the West.

1914.

Space

Into the void of space:
Beyond the sight of our eyes,
Telescopes barely trace
The nearer stars of the skies.

And beyond the feeble zone
Of our latest and greatest lens:
Ultimate, vast, unknown,
The universe extends.

Moved by resistless force
Through interstellar night,
Suns, in their ordered course,
Glow in majestic flight.

In the stormy abyss of space
Nebulæ flare and swirl;
Comets through star-dust race
Luminous meteors whirl

And flash through the starry swarm
Where the lights of the universe glow
While newer planets form
Above, around, below.

Born in terrestrial strife,
To the law of the universe true,
Worlds, after æons of life,
Die—to be born anew.

Infinite endless change,
Limitless space and time,
Systems of worlds that range
Over their course sublime:

Ever eternal life—
Ever recurring death—
Ever the dying strife—
Ever the waking breath.

And little enough we know;
Little enough we see
Of what the worlds can show.
Pitiful—what we are?

But this at least we find
In the starry realms of awe:
An all-controlling mind;
A universal law.

1913.

To a Coquette

They said you were hard-hearted,
And cruel and vain,
Thinking only of your own pleasure and happiness,
Planning your campaign of conquests
At each ball or entertainment which you attended,
And caring far more for the perfection of your delicately suggestive dress
Than for a world of infinitely better things.
But though many people more or less disapproved of your hard-heartedness,
They all admitted you were beautiful
And charming
And alluring—
Wherefore I desired to meet you and see for myself
What you were like.
I found that you were indeed a coquette—
Apparently quite hard-hearted,
And yet there was something in your eyes and in your manner
That told of a warmth and tenderness
Of heart and soul
Beneath the exterior of light-hearted and trivial frivolity.

And one day this was proved to me;
For as we sat talking together
An old, old man, bent over with age and infirmity,
Walked slowly past along the nearby road
Tapping his walking stick on the pavement,
His head bent to see the road before him and guide
his slow footsteps,
Though now and again he looked up to the blue
sky and white clouds at the distant horizon
As though at something he would not see for long.
As you watched him
I saw your eyes fill with tears—
Although you tried to hide it from me,
As soon as you knew I knew,
By looking away and calling my attention to some-
thing in the other direction—
Soon we resumed our former carelessly happy con-
versation——
And after dinner that evening
I saw you half pause before a full-length mirror
And glance alluringly over your shoulder
At your reflection;
Then, seemingly satisfied, pass on to the ballroom
Where conquests awaited you.

1915.

Worlds in the Making

Through the endless night,
Through the void astray;
Limitless in flight,
Star-dust drifts away.

Ceaseless radiation
Whirls the dust afar,
Ceaseless gravitation
Forms it in a star.

Thus a world is made;
Thus it takes its place,
Where its course is laid
In unending space.

1913.

Broken Hearts

It is strange to see you unhappy.
You who were always so light-hearted:
A princess among coquettes,
You who are so sought after and admired by all men.
Careless breaker of hearts.
It is strange to see you yourself heartbroken
And we—whose hopes you have so lightly dashed aside
We, who loved you and thought you loved us
In days gone by
Sympathize with you
And long to make you happy
(For we have forgiven you, and worship you now as in the past)
And—were we able—would gladly
Restore your lover to you
But this may not be, dear girl.
You know now what pain is
For your lover loves another girl
Better than you.

1915.

Rivals

The two girls were rivals.
They had first met a week before
And since then had only seen each other once or twice—at dances.
But each knew that both were beautiful—
Hence naturally rivals for the admiration of the young men.
When asked if the other were not attractive
Each would say,
"Yes, she is—But why *does* she do her hair that way."
Or,
"She's quite attractive—but she would be *much* prettier with a different dress."
Neither would quite admit that the other was absolute perfection.
Both were generally considered to be flirts—
Though kind at heart.
On one occasion at a dance
Each happened to glance over her shoulder at the other
Just a little bit jealously and scornfully.
Their eyes met
And then—they both laughed good-naturedly,
For they understood.

1915.

Children's Land

Come where the children play,
There shall you know
Dreams of another day,
Long, long ago;
When in the Golden Land
Likewise you played,
And on the Magic Sand
Joyously strayed.

Oft from your present road,
Dreaming—you glance
Back to the old abode,
As in a trance
And in your longing eyes,
Softly the tears
Tell you that bygone ties
Hold—through the years.

Come to the Land of Dreams,
Memory Land
Warmly the sunshine gleams;
Forest and sand,

Orchard and shady grove,
Hillside and plain—
Call to their early love,
Come back again.

So to the Land of Spring:
Youthful and fair,
Come—it will surely bring
Rest from all care;
Bright is the Magic Sand,
Forest and plain—
Come to the Children's Land,
Dream—once again.

1914.

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